

NYE ON ELECTRICITY.

THE MOST MARVELOUS INVENTION OF THE AGE.

A Complimented Apparatus and the Various Uses to Which It Can Be Put—Its Great Versatility—Its Great Drawback. A New State of Things.

Little did it Franklin not that some day the little start he made when he batted his pin hook with a good conductor and tapped the lightning bolt and belching nimbus with his buoyant kite and the pickle jar of electricity thus crudely acquired would be the egg from which inventors and scientists would hatch out a system which could not only neutralize the globe with messages swifter than the flight of "Hushie," but that an array of day would be filtered through a cloud of cables loaded with destruction sufficient for a whole army and the air be filled with death dealing dangling wires.

I am not an old fogey, though I may have that appearance, and I rejoice to see the world move on. One by one I have laid aside my own enmeshing prejudices in order to keep up with the procession. Have I not gradually adopted everything that would in any way enhance my opportunities for advancement, even through tedious evolution, from the paper collar up to the finger bowl, eyeglass and eyeglasses?

To return, however, to the subject of electricity. I have recently sought to fathom the style and motif of a new system which is to be introduced into private residences, hotels and police headquarters. In private houses it will be used as a burglar's welcome. In hotels it will take the mental strain off the bellboy, relieving him also of a portion of his burdensome salary at the same time. In the police department it will do almost everything but eat peanuts from the corner stand.

The system is on exhibition in a large room downtown, with the signals or boxes on one side and the annunciator or central station on the other. By walking from one to the other, a distance in all of thirty or forty miles, I was enabled to get a slight idea of the principle.

It is certainly a very intelligent system. I never felt my own inferiority any more than I did in the presence of this wonderful invention. It will do almost anything, it seemed to me, and the main drawback seems to be its great versatility, for it thereby becomes so complex that in order to become at all intimate with it policemen ought to put in two years at Yale and at least a year at Leipsic. An extended course of study would thus perfect him in this line, but he would not then be content to act as a policeman. He would want to be a scientist, with dandruff on his coat collar and a far away look.

Then, again, take the hotel scheme, for instance. We go to a hotel which is marked room 32. There we find that by treating it in a certain way it will announce to the clerk that room 32 wants a fire, ice water, pens, ink, paper, lemons, towels, fire escape, Milwaukee beer, pillow shams, New York World, menu, Croton frappe, carriage, laundry, physician, sleeping car ticket, berth for same, hairdressing, hot flat iron for ironing trousers, baggage, blotter, diary for chair, or any of those things. In fact I have not given half the list on this barometer, because I could not remember them, though I may have added others which were not on the indicator. The message arrives at the office, but the clerk is engaged in conversation with a lady. He does not jump when the alarm sounds, but continues the dialogue. Another guest wires the office that he would like a copy of The Congressional Record.

The message is filed away automatically, and the thrilling conversation goes on. Then No. 7-5-8 asks to have his mail sent up. No. 33 wants to know what time the bus leaves the house for the train going east, and whether that train will connect at Alliance, O., with a tide water train for Cleveland in time to catch the Lake Shore train which will bring him into New York at 7:30, and whether all those trains are reported on time or not, and if not, will the office kindly state why? Other guests also manifest a morbid curiosity through their transmitters, but the clerk does not get excited, for he knows that all those remarks are filed away in the large black walnut box at the end of the office. When he gets ready, provided he has been through a course of study in this brand of business, he takes one room at a time, and addressing a pale young "Banister Polisher" of the name of "Front," he begins to scatter information, baggage, towels, morning papers, time tables, etc., all over the house. It is also supposed to be a great time saver. For instance, No. 68 wants to know the correct time. He moves an indicator around like the combination of a safe, reads a few pages of instructions, and then pushes a button, perhaps. Instead of ringing for a boy and waiting for him some time, then asking him to obtain the correct time at the office and come back with the information, conversing with various people on his way back and expecting compensation for it, the guest can ask the office and receive the answer without getting out of bed. You leave a call for a certain hour, and at that time your own private gong will make it so disagreeable for you that you will be glad to rise. Again, if you wish to know the amount of your bill, you go through certain exercises with the large barometer in your room, and, supposing you have been at the house two days and have had a fine time, you ring three times and your bill is therefore \$12.15, the answer will come back and be announced on your gong as follows: One, pause, three, pause, two, pause, one, pause, eight. When there is a cipher in the amount I do not know what the method is, but by using due care in making up the bill this need not occur.

This system is also supposed to keep its eye peeled for policemen and inform the central station where the patrolman is all the time; also as to his temperature, pulse, perspiration and breath. It keeps a record of this at the main office on a ticker of its own, and the information may be published in the society columns of the paper in the morning.

Electricity and Spiritualism have arrived at that stage of perfection where a coil of wire and a can of credulity will accomplish a great deal. The time is coming when even greater wonders will be worked, and with electric wires, the rapid transit trains and the English sparrows under the ground, the dawn of a better and brighter day will be ushered in. The car driver and the truckman shall lie down together, Boston will not rise up against London, he that heretofore slung shall go forth no more to elude, and men shall learn scratching no more.—Bill Nye in New York World.

The Play on Words. A Brooklyn man proposes to import monkeys and train them to become bootblacks. Would the public put up with such monkey antics?—Texas Siftings.

Good Advice. If your hat blows off in the street follow it placidly and with gentle dignity. Somebody else will chase it for you.—Harper's Bazar.

Revenge.

The cold, haughty, proud merchant prince who treats his ribbon counter gentlemen and gentlemen's underwears salesladies with more civility or chilling indifference with better beware. The time may come when the positions may be reversed.

"See here, Jinks," said one of these arrogant millionaires one day to a ninety pound ribbon counter clerk, "you want to attend to your business better, young man, and not waste so much of your time flirting with that red headed underwear girl across the aisle, mind that."

Enraged and humiliated the down trodden ribbon counter clerk seizes and seeks revenge. His time comes soon, aye, that very night! The proud, cold blooded merchant prince goes to the theatre. He buys an admission ticket and stands up, being of an economical turn of mind.

"Let us pass, sir," says a calm, cold voice at his side. He looks down and beholds the ribbon counter clerk in the magnificence of full dress, with the underwear girl in flowing robes and sixteen button kids hanging to his arm. The eyes of the men meet, but there is no sign of recognition on the part of the ribbon counter clerk, only a cold, haughty, fixed stare as he passed proudly on to the 63 seats reserved for him and the underwear girl, while the snubbed and humiliated merchant prince stands on in the midst of his own bitter reflections.—Detroit Free Press.

Restless.

He was a sour looking old man, and he occupied a flat with his bachelor brother on the fourth floor of a modest uptown apartment house. They were having a quiet hand of whist one evening with two friends, when the voice of a baby in the next flat arose in lamentation that penetrated the thin walls and made the rumble of the elevated railroad seem like the purring of a brook.

They stood the uproar for some time, but when the sour looking man trumped his partner's trick three times, he laid down his cards and went and knocked on the neighbor's door.

"Is your baby sick?" he inquired, as the father appeared.

"Oh, no, my wife is just putting him to sleep."

"I want to ask if his name is Jeremiah?"

"Certainly not, why do you think so?"

"I thought it might be, he comes out so strong on lamentations. What makes him weep?"

"Well, I don't know," admitted the half owner of an infant properly sadly. "You see it's our first baby, and may be we don't know how to handle him right. We've tried soothing syrup, quinine and ipecac, and to-night I told my wife it might be malaria and she'd better try quinine, so we gave him four grains, and he's been kind of restless ever since."—New York Tribune.

Forgot To Bring It.

Customer (to barber)—That is not the razor you usually shave me with, Rastus!

Barber—No, sah. I wash out or der darcin' pahty las' ebberin', an' I don let dat razor home in my dress coat.—Epoch.

Wasn't That Nice?

A company of Italian soldiers owned a parrot and they educated it to repeat what any one might say. On one occasion a few of the company attended an exhibition of fireworks in an old church. They took the parrot along. After each scene the soldiers would say: "Wasn't that nice? Wonder what he will do next?" And the bird would repeat the words. By some accident the material belonging to the exhibitors exploded and blew the whole establishment to pieces. The roof of the house was blown off, the men scattered and the bird was sent whirling through the air. It was almost denuded of feathers, a wing broken, its head skinned and its eyes were used badly. But it did not forget, and on alighting screamed out: "Wasn't that nice? Wonder what he will do next!"—Chicago News.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

Disconsolate Lady to a friend of her husband in the dry goods line—Mrs. McCloy, about how much will a stylish mourning outfit cost me?

"Surely, your husband is not dead?"

"No," she replied, wiping away a tear. "But I want to be prepared for the worst. Poor Fred has accepted the position of umpire in a western baseball league."—New York Sun.

Literary Piracy.

"Father, is the new emperor of Germany an editor? I see when he speaks of himself he says 'we.'"

"No, my son. That is a word the emperors have stolen from the editors without proper credit."—Pecora Transcript.

A Horrible Threat.

Dialogue in an Arizona restaurant: Guest—Waiter, I called for mutton chop and you have given me beefsteak.

Waiter—Eat it, tenderfoot, or I'll wear it out on you.

Never tell your revolution beforehand.—Selden.

On the Safe Side.

Shoe Dealer (to boy)—Where are you going, James?

James—Up to Mrs. Smith's sir; she ordered a pair of No. 2 shoes sent.

Shoe Dealer—All right, James. You had better take along a pair of No. 3's also.—New York Sun.

He Will See It Later.

Clerk—I worked off some of that packed butter to-day.

Grocer—Indeed! Whom did you send it to?

Clerk—Mrs. Blank, around on Dash street.

Grocer—Great guns! Why, I board with her.—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted a Partner in His Misery.

"Ma," said Bobby, thoughtfully, "I wish I had a brother or two."

"Why, Bobby?"

"To divide up the spanking. It's tough on a boy to be the only one in the family that gets spanked."—The Epoch.

His Vocation.

A Chinaman in New York is named Tahi. It is not stated, but we suppose he is a barber.—Norfolk Herald.

BITS OF GOOD READING.

A man with a wooden leg recently claimed the right to travel in a railroad car at half fare.

The papal jubilee turns out to have been very expensive. It cost the Vatican about \$1,000,000.

A German paper says that a company has been formed to manufacture watches to be run by electricity instead of a spring.

The Siberian Pacific railroad has been begun in earnest. With bridges over the British channel and Behring strait there might then be a continuous line of rail from New York to London.

Two large firms of Japanese nurserymen are introducing into California the Unshin dwarf or orange tree, and find many customers for the tree because it can be grown in a very small space.

It is announced that one result of the expiration of the copyright of many of Carlyle's works will be the publication of a collection of magazine articles which he never would allow to be printed.

A South American congress is to meet in Montevideo July 18 to draw up a treaty for the settlement of all disputes between South American countries. This congress will be the first of its kind ever held in South America.

A Montana miner who couldn't pay a debt of \$48 offered to let his creditor shoot twice at him with a pistol at a distance of 300 feet. The offer was accepted, and two bullets were planted in the debtor's body, though he was not seriously wounded.

English newspapers speak of a scheme for an insurance company which shall write policies only on buildings or their contents where the electric light is exclusively used. Rates below the current terms for fire insurance will be the inducement offered to change from gas to electricity.

A Chinese official at Lhasa has been deprived of a button as a punishment. A button does not seem a very precious appendage to lose, but, as a Mongolian symbol of honor and status, it is nearly as dear in estimation as a well appointed pigtail plaited with silk until it touches the ground. To lose a pigtail, however, is to lose caste altogether.

The total miles of wire controlled by the American Bell Telephone company is 145,732, of which 8,000 are underground. The total number of subscribers is 138,732. The statement of the treasurer shows that the earnings from all sources last year were \$3,453,027.70, and the expenses \$1,242,430.89, leaving the net earnings \$2,210,596.81. The dividends paid during the year, 10 per cent, on the capital stock, amounted to \$1,508,326.

A Hundred Deluded Girls.

There recently arrived in Los Angeles about 100 young English girls, who were brought to the Pacific coast through the instrumentality of Miss Elizabeth Parker, an English woman widely known for her philanthropic work in behalf of her sex. During her visit to California a year ago she saw the need of good domestic help, other than the Chinese, and she accordingly wrote home of the splendid chances awaiting intelligent girls. Unfortunately for themselves, the girls who were not of the domestic class required, but were principally governesses, ladies' maids and nurses, a kind of help seldom needed in the west. The result has been disastrous to the girls, and many have returned home. Others, who had not the means to return, are said to be in destitute circumstances in Los Angeles. The head of the San Francisco Girls' union says 5,000 places could be found in California alone for as many good house servants, but none at all for gentlemen, which fact makes the case of the deluded English girls peculiarly hard.—Philadelphia Times.

London in a Blizzard.

What would happen if London were suddenly caught in such a blizzard as that which overwhelmed New York? In that city, prepared as it is for heavy falls of snow, 500 corpses have accumulated unburied, owing to the impossibility of reaching the cemeteries. But in London the dead might lie left without a thought. The feeling of the living would absorb every energy. The whole city, if the snow did not melt, might become one gigantic mausoleum of the millions of its inhabitants. When we read of the digging out of corpses standing frozen in the street where the snow overwhelmed them we are reminded of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, where the people were entombed beneath ashes. Snow is as deadly and more merciful. How seldom we reflect that a snow storm may be as deadly as a volcano and a single blizzard more fatal than an eruption of Vesuvius. Two days' heavy snow with frost following would disorganize civilization and decimate the population.—Pail Mail Gazette.

A "Conjured" Colored Man.

An old negro of Atlanta applied to the police the other day for protection against an old woman who was trying to conjure him. He said he found nailed over his door a red flannel bag, tied with white strings, and that he knew it was a "conjugal bag," and that his life was in danger. The officer opened the little red bag, and it contained a bit of horseshoe, a few grains of gunpowder and some snake root. "I knowed it, I knowed it," the old colored man exclaimed as he looked at the bag, his eyes stretching until they almost popped out of their sockets, moving backward from the bag as he said: "Dat ole woman has conjured me, and I'll die, sho!" He then fell over on the floor in a dead faint, and did not recover until the officers had called the patrol wagon and started to send him home. He excited himself into a fever, and a physician had to be called.—Chicago Herald.

Growth in Electric Railways.

The last year has seen a wonderful growth in electric railways. There are now in the United States over eighty miles of road on which the motive power is electricity. Eighteen have plants in operation in lengths varying from one to eleven miles. Contracts have been made for roads and they are now being constructed in seventeen other towns, and there are fifty-nine projected roads.—St. Louis Republican.

Counterfeiting Old French Plate.

Silver sharps in France have been flooding Paris with counterfeiters of old French plate, and it has just been discovered that the bogus goods are ordinary modern plate when made in Germany, and after being imported as such, have the old Paris mark put on them and are fixed up to look like the real old goods. Five men in this business have been fined from \$200 to \$800 each.—New York Sun.

A Valuable Dog.

Man of the House (aroused by a knock). Come, now, what do you want here at this time of night?

Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but could you let me have a candle and a couple of matches? My dog and my little girl have fallen into your cistern; and he's a valuable dog, and there! hear him bark!—Harvard Lampoon.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

TOPICS THAT WILL NOT FAIL TO PLEASE BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Short Sketch of Greyhounds from the Time of the Famous Hound Geler, that Killed the Wolf, Down to the Present Day.

The greyhound is a native of the British islands, and from a very early period the English variety has presented the same appearance as in modern times; but it appears to have been a bolder and stronger dog in former days, for we read of greyhounds killing wolves. The more formidable kinds of wild animals were early extinguished in England, and the greyhound, having been bred for centuries for swiftness alone, has lost its courage and its form has been more slender and its coat finer.



CHARLES I AND HIS GREYHOUND.

The Anglo-Saxon kings kept greyhounds, and in the time of the Danish king, Canute, these animals were so highly esteemed that no one under the rank of a gentleman or freeholder was allowed to keep them, and when a nobleman went abroad he was usually accompanied by his greyhound. Some of the English kings were very fond of them, such as Henry II and King John. This latter monarch devoted much time to coursing, and the Isle of Dogs received its name from being the place where he kept his dogs. It was King John who gave the famous greyhound Geler, who killed the wolf, to the Welsh prince, Llewellyn.

Charles I was fond of greyhounds, as Sir Philip Warwick, who was secretary to the unfortunate monarch, tells us in his memoirs. He says: "Methinks, because it shows his dislike of a common court vice, it is not unworthy the relating of him, that one evening his dog, scratching at his door, he commanded me to let in Gipsy; whereupon I took the boldness to say, 'Sir, I perceive you love a greyhound better than you do a spaniel.' 'Yes,' says he, 'for they equally love their masters and yet do not flatter them so much.'"

How Immigrants Carry Their Money. One of the queer sights in Castle Garden, says Golden Days, is to see how the immigrants carry the money they bring from the mother country.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case, attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch. Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which notes and coins are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt around their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty franc pieces and remove them very readily at one time.

There are very few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep their paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung around their neck by a small chain or cord.

Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocketbook that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them, and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork and spoon.

Other nationalities, not enumerated, carry their valuables in all sorts of curious places—in their caps and stockings, in their prayer books, and between the lining and the outside of their coats or other garments.

Lines on Washing Day.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Is the foaming tub!
Over the rippling water we lean,
And down till the clothes are clean;
Rub-a-dub-dub, we gleefully sing,
With a rub-a-dub-dub, and a wring-a-wring-wring.



THE LITTLE WASHER WOMAN.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
In the scalding tub!
Paddle and poke with the lifting stick,
Fodge and paddle and stir them quick;
Rub-a-dub-dub, we gleefully sing,
With a rub-a-dub-dub, and a wring-a-wring-wring.—St. Nicholas.

Brief Biography of Sydney Smith. The Rev. Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, Essex, England, in 1771; in 1845 he died. He is chiefly remembered now as a famous wit, but his own times knew him also as a powerful writer and preacher, an equal master of reasoning and ridicule and the enemy of all hypocrisy and meanness.

Sydney Smith edited the first number of the famous Edinburgh Review. In his capacity as rector and canon every one soon learned to love him, for he daily sought the good of his flock. He was a prime favorite with children, who greatly enjoyed his stories as well as the sweets and pennies he carried in his pockets for their benefit. His powers of conversation remained vigorous to the end of his days. Those who knew him best agreed that he might have been called with equal justice the "wise" as well as the "witty canon."

An Experiment for Chemistry Students. Fill a saucer with water and drop into it a piece of potassium weighing about two grains. The potassium will instantly become red hot, with a slight explosion, and burn vividly on the surface of the water, darting at the same time from one side of the vessel to the other, in the form of a red hot fire ball.

MORE OR LESS FAMOUS.

Newspaper Talk About Men of Note. Stray Bits of Gossip.

Paul du Chailu has settled for good in England.

Pere Hyacinthe is the latest outspoken adherent of Gen. Boulanger.

The Hon. Proctor Knott has a clock of which the works were made at Geneva in 1779 and the case by an uncle of President Cleveland in 1830.

Jefferson Davis says that Horace Greeley signed his bond out of pure kindness of heart. Davis had never spoken to the great editor in his life.

Zola, the French novelist, has a large head, a high forehead, a nose slightly retreating, fine chin, strong mouth, and sad, dreamy black eyes, half concealed by glasses. His shoulders are almost on a level with his ears.

The death is announced of Patterson Jolly, of Dublin, Ireland, the oldest printer in the world. He was 104 years old, and pulled the first sheet of the Edinburgh Journal, more than seventy years ago.

George M. Pullman has as much regard for the executive ability of women as for that of men. He is always willing to pay a woman a man's wages if she can do a man's work. He has a great many women in his employ and has a high opinion of their usefulness.

Zola's opinion of Boulanger is this, according to Figaro's interviewer: "Boulanger is a stick with a hat on it, a hat adorned with lace and plumes—that's all. And the worst of it is that this stick represents an ill disguised want of the nation, a want of some kind of despotism—royalty, empire, dictatorship, Gambettism or Boulangerism."

The only senator who now habitually wears one of the little black skull caps that were so common among the senators a few years ago is Senator Edmunds, whose head is so bald as to be very sensitive to the draughts about the corridors of the senate chamber. The custom of wearing the caps was started by Gen. Burnside and was quite fashionable for a time.

Editor Pinney of the Winstead (Conn.) Press retires from journalism without any nonsense. In his "valedictory" he says: "From the customary leave takings of the public, with hypocritical laudation and cheap thanks for 'generous patronage,' I must be excused. I thank the public for nothing. It has had ample return for all that it has done for me, and I give it a quit claim for all that I have done for it."

British residents in Japan are subscribing for the repair of the grave of Will Adams, a British sailor who was shipwrecked in Japan in the reign of James I, and who lived for many years at the court of Yedo, where he obtained extraordinary influence. His grave was discovered some years ago on the summit of one of the hills overlooking the government arsenal at Yokosuka, near Yokohama.

Baron Alfred Tennyson, having retired from the poetical business, is about to start a new lease of public life as a godfather to baby colonies. A new English settlement is shortly to be established in the region of the Cape of Good Hope. It will be peopled by a number of selected families taken from one of the southern counties of England. The first party starts in June next. The new settlement is to be called Tennyson, after the poet laureate, who for many years past has taken a great interest in the South African colonies.

James Gordon Bennett may well be called a citizen of the world. He has a house in New York, one at Newport, one in Paris, a cottage at Bourgaill, a chateau and farm thirty miles out of Paris, a villa at Nice and a steam yacht to take him across the ocean anywhere he wants to go. Mr. Bennett is well on to fifty years of age, but he does not look it. His tall form is as straight as an arrow, his blue eyes as bright as an eagle's, and his mustache a golden brown. His hair, however, is very gray.

Gen. Sherman lives, with his wife and daughter, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York. The general is now in his 60th year, yet few men of 40 have more vitality or enjoy life more thoroughly than this veteran of the war. St. Gaudens, the sculptor, has a bust of Gen. Sherman on exhibition at the Academy of Design, which is remarkable for its likeness and the strength of the sculptor's work. The general is too nervous and active a man to enjoy sitting as long as it is necessary when a portrait is concerned, and it is not likely that he will ever again be secured for this purpose.

The Beard family are among the most artistic citizens presented by Ohio to New York. There are six of them on the roster of the Ohio society: Daniel C. Barry, James C. J. H. T. Frank and W. H. Beard. Daniel C. Beard is famous for his cows, bears and other animals of that ilk which he introduces into his own stories in St. Nicholas and such publications. He is as clever a writer as an artist. Frank Beard, who has done a great deal of excellent work in Judge, is a small man with a brown beard. W. H. Beard draws animals in the guise of human beings as a specialty. James C. Beard is an adept in natural history and in transferring his knowledge of it from brain to finger tips.

John, the only brother left of the office famous Hutchinson family, spent a few hours in New York recently, on his way back to his home in Lynn, Mass., from Washington, where he went to attend the woman's convention. Though only 66 years of age, Mr. Hutchinson has the countenance of a patriarch. His iron gray hair falls in thick, curly locks behind his ears, he never having given up the early fashion of wearing it long. A heavy beard streaked with gray, not silver, hides the throat, but not the wide points of a Byron collar, which collar certainly does not detract from the picturesqueness of the head. The lines of the face are not too prominent, but with the shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, gives it a strength perhaps needed. The eyes have the expression and tenderness of a woman's.

Ostrich Feather Trade. The ostrich feather trade of South Africa is so depressed that feathers which formerly sold for \$125 now bring only \$7.50, and the value of the bird has declined accordingly.—Boston Transcript.

Portraits of Noted Artists. The Louvre museum has been enriched with a new room devoted to portraits of celebrated artists of all epochs, painted, as far as possible, by themselves. The idea is taken from the celebrated gallery in the Uffizi at Florence, with this difference, that the French contains not only portraits of painters, but also busts and medallions of sculptors.—Public Opinion.

The Morning Star is the smallest steamer which has ever made the run between England and the Cape. She was designed by her owner, Capt. R. Duncan, of London, and was built at Leith. She is twenty-six tons, yacht measurement, is of oak, copper fastened, and is classed A1. Her length is 56 feet between perpendiculars, over all 59 feet, with 11 feet 2 inches depth of hold.—Boston Transcript.

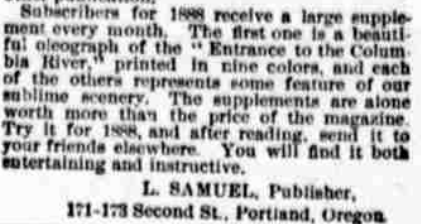


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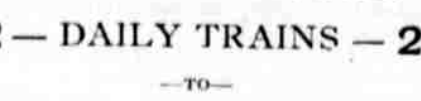
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